Miſ: Page. Ifaith tis not well M. *Ford* to ſuſpect her thus without a cauſe.

Doct. No by my trot it be no vell.

For. Well, I pray beare with me, M. *Page* pardon me I ſuffer for it, I ſuffer for it.

Sir Hu. You ſuffer for a bad conſcience, look you now

Foord. Well, I pray no more, another time Ile tell you all:

The meane time go dine with me, pardon me wife,
I am ſorry; M. *Page*, pray go in to dinner,
Another time Ile tell you all.

Pa. Well let it be ſo, and to morrow I inuite you all to my houſe to dinner: and in the morning wee'l a birding, I haue an excellent Hawke for the buſh.

Ford. Let it be ſo: Come M. *Page*, come wife;
I pray you come in all, y'are welcome, pray come in.

Sir Hugh: By ſo kad vdge me, M. *Foord* is not in his right wits. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, and Bardolfe.

Fal. Bardolfe, brew me a pottle of ſacke preſently.

Bar: With Egges ſir?

Falſtaff. Simply of it ſelfe, Ile none of theſe Pullets ſperme in my drinke: goe make haſte. Haue I lined to be carried in a basket and throwne into the thames like a Barow of butchers offoll. Well, if I be ſerued ſuch another tricke, Ile giue them leaue to take out my braines and butter them, and giue them to a Dog for a new-yeares gift. Sbloud, the rogues ſlided me in with as little remorſe as if they had gone to drowne a blinde Bitches puppies in the litter: and they might know

know by my ſize
if the bottome h
I had bene drow
and ſomewhat
you know the
ſhould I haue be
Lord a mounta
brewed?

Bar. I ſir, ther
you.

Fal. Bid her c
this cold water,
lowed ſnow-bal

En

Now what's the

Quic. I com

Fal. Miſtris
I haue bene thr
My belly is full

Quic. O L
that her ſeruant
ſhe would deſir
once againe, to
and ſhe hopes t

Fal. Ten an

Quic. I forſ

Fal. Well,
Of mans frailty
And then think